

VOLLEY BALL ON THE HALF-COURT

Felicia has a keen touch
for the ball. In yellow jersey
and tight jeans
she always gets a rise
out of the guys.

We are in our sweaty prime.

At midgame she lets down her
resplendent hair. Dazzling
our eyes, we miss a serve.

Now she sets us up
for a hard spike.

In the locker room all the guys
gladly help Felicia off with her jersey.

BACKWOODS BY BURRO

You took the bus. Over
winding mountain roads. Drinking
cheap red wine from goatskin sacks.
Eating sharp cheese and gnawing
from a long loaf of coarse bread
without benefit of knife.

While I took the low path
on a tired old donkey. A prickly
wool blanket my only saddle. Often I
thought of your troupe, singing bawdy
songs, pie-eyed and shitfaced, squeezing
the breasts of the plump native girls.

But then you had two flats and
radiator trouble. And your
poor excuse for a driver almost
dumped the lot of you into a crevasse.

Still you were surprised, when you
pulled into San Juan on bare cord tires,
to see me at the shaded water trough
cooling my burro.